Man to Whom 18 Proved Uninchy-Marringes, Births, Benths, and a Hundred

Other Events the Subjects of Bespatche Lots of Engagements Made by Wire-

Comedies of a Telegraph Office Up Town. In upper Broadway, not far from its intersection with Sixth avenue, is a little telegraph office through which the night blooming Tenderloin

district sends its messages to the outer world.

Here all sorts of queer people send all sorts of messages queerer than the senders. Nover a night passes but some message goes over the wires from there, whose import, could it be known, would be blazoned in large letters on the city's bulletin poards the next morning. Deaths, marriages, births, appointments, business deals, politics, threats, entreaties, warnings, tips on the races, financial accounts, are all telegraphed in quick succession, besides hundreds of sentences in-telligible only to the initiated. Most of the thousands of messages are commonplace enough. but some are out of the ordinary, as in the case of a middle-aged man who came into the office every night for two weeks. He telegraphed on the first night the message "One," on the sec-ond night "Two," on the third, "Three," and

so on until he got to thirteen, which was evi-

without remembering to leave his address.

sent from there to an asylum.

THE GREEN HOUR IN PARIS.

ABSINTHE DRINKING AMONG THE FRESCH AND ITE DANGERS.

Paristans, Maic and Female, are Seduced by the highest the absenthe and the alcohol, there is edied to the absinthe of commerced, each of the free Briak and Sip It Toom a System—Assinthism and Alcoholism Often Commerced—Erit Effects of the Mabit.

Paris, July 30.—Absinthe is one of the special marks of Paris. Whether you be on the Boulevard or as Belleville, the green drink, at the "green hour," as they call It, is a marked feature of the Indiacape. In general this drink takes all the place, in Paris, which we Americans give to our whiskey, rum, gin, and brandy and our coatestains and mixed drinks. In Paris absinthe means strong sloohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong sloohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; the place, in Paris absinthe means strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; that is the central truth. It is the strong alcohol; the proposes; the "absinthe" part of it, the herb, is, in comparison, almost an accessory. The peculiar feature is the hour, or hours, of drinking portions and the place, in paris, which we have a strong alcohol; the proposes; the "absinthe" as a segurar for Parisians that they regard the drinking of their absinthe out of certain hours as a gross piece of ignorance and bat the proposes; the "absinthe" as a segurar for Parisians that they regard the drinking of their absinthe and trangulling the nerves before a meal. Along with absinthe there are many other appring and trangulling the nerves before a meal. Along with absinthe t





THREE CENTS A GLASS.

heartburn, and headache when taken after meals makes it appear to be a safer tipple than our whiskey. In has another advantage in that while it makes one tipsy after the second glass whiskey. In has another advantage in that while it makes one tipsy after the second glass it seldom seems to make one lose his judgment as to ordinary things. On the other hand, you will see some very nervous, cranky absinthe drinkers. Certainly, I believe that for the American who does not live in France, who has not the restraints of the French habits, who has not the example and the tone of people living a cast-iron routine, it is a very dangerous thing to tamper with the green drink.

STERLING HELLIO.

of Turpin's war machine have turned in their report to the French War Minister, Gen. Mercier. They consider that it is necessary to make prompt experiments with the new engine, but, strange enough, the report says that "in no case can Turpin be present at the experiments." Just why the inventor should be excluded is a mystery. Several wild descriptions of the thing have already appeared in the French papers, but the latest goes into some details which give it a certain color of accuracy.

It appears now that it does not consist in the sub-

mense advantage over the present machine, which explains its projectiles at a fixed distance, because it can be explaided at any distance, because it can be explaided at any distance at will. To exploid this new affair at the number of native desired, it is only necessary to move the vent or play with a priming from that works like a gimbled, out be the line that marks the number of seconds desired, which correspond with the number of knowledges in the rise, as in the case of thes chells. When the vent is opened the projectile is placed upon a special machine, the mechanism of which was explained by furnin when he was before the commission, and it is exploided by a quick match of a new pattern.

The projectile is buried with a force three times as great as that obtained by melinite, owing to the new powder which Turpin has invested. Five hundred metros in front of the object fired at the projectile bursts, spreading out like a fan and forming a vasi circle of flying iron which sweeps away everything before it. Men, horses, caissons, and wagnes are mowed down. Of course, to obtain such force, it requires an absolutely extraordinary ballistic power, and it is in this power that the important part of the invention really lies.

It is expected that the experiments will be thoroughly satisfactory. It will be easy to see why the Commission did not take Turpin's invention offhand, when one reflects that if the invention is judged to be practical, it means the end of all the Bange artiflery and all the projectiles which the French are at present turning out. A good many contracts must be broken and a great deal of Government money turned away from many open hands, if Turpin's machine is adopted in the French army, and perhaps the may account for at least some of the extraordinary hostility by which the inventor has been pursued. The War Minister, Gen.

"Whether he got it or not I don't know, but certainly he worked hard enough for it. It was simply a case of his having gote against a game, fare or roulette, or maybe the horses, although the other is more in a drummer's line. Then he got broke, pawned his stuff to win back on, lost that, and finally fell back on the firm. It happens every time a gang of Western drummers atrikes the city. But speaking of fake telegrams to get money, the most elegant nerve I ever knew was put up by a man in your business, who, after having taken a long trip at the expense of his paper, went on a bat in the West, and hiew in a couple of hundred, all he had left. This case didn't come under my personal notice except the last of it, but I got it straight.

"When the hero of the tale found himself busted he evoived a brilliant idea and telegraphed to his paper, collect, that the train he was on had been held up by road agents who had robbed all the passengers; and would they piesee send him \$100, as he was penniless, having lowe even his gold watch, &c. They wired back, Good, Send two columns. That put him in a nice hole. He had to send the story or lay himself epen to suspicion, so he sent

The dot New York. Would like to get a position on your paper.

"He had been fired. His mistake was in holding up a whole train instead of having himself robbed by footpada, in which case he might have got through all right."

While the receiver had been talking people of both seres had come in, written their messages, and gone. Most of these messages, so the reporter's informant said, were appointments for meetings in Central Park, or Coney Island, at the Casino Roof Garden, in Madison square, or any one of a hundred other places. A few were notifications of deaths, and one or two were unintelligible. The women were, as a rule, fussy in preparing their messages, and did much crossing out and rewriting, while most of the men dashed off their telegrams hastlly, having swidently determined exactiy what they were going to say before entering the office. In all cases the face of the receiver was entirely expressionless, and his only speech besides naming the expense was to ask occasionally about some word that was not easily legible. To look at him no one would suppose that the messages had any other interest for him than so many words. One would doubt whether in reading he even grasped the meaning of the sentences. Before leaving, the reporter asked him:
"Do you ever speak to people who come here about the purport of their messages?"

"Well, no; not any more. It doesn't do. Still, I might in certain cases. Now, another receiver here interfered once to his own great embarrassment, though I think he was justified. A very pretty and well-dressed young woman came to the office, left a message, put down a quarter, and left quickly. The telegram was addressed to a Philadelphia man, and it read like this:

"Have you got the platol. It took my last cent. Gootby."

down a quarier, and left quickly. The telegram was addressed to a Philadelphia man, and it read like this:

"Have you got the platol. It took my last cent. Geodey."

"When he read that the receiver grabbed his hat and rushed out to prevent the suicide. On the corner he found a policeman, to whom he explained matters; and as there had been an epidemic of suicides about that time and the papers were full of it, the policeman saw a good chance to distinguish himself and went along. The pair reached the lady just as she was turning in at a first-class hotel. They stopped her, and the telegraph man said:

"Excuse me, madam, but you sent a telegram just now?"

"Yes, she replied, looking puzzled. 'Isn't it all right? I was in a hurry and left the money on it. Wasn't it enough?"

"Oh, yes, 'stammered my friend, 'b-b-but the contents, madam. It was quite—that is, it seemed queer about the pistol and all that, and we thought—he broke off, and looked first at the policeman and then at the lady.

"You thought I was going to commit suicide,' she said, laughing, as the state of affairs dawned upon her. 'Well, after all, it wasn't an unnatural conclusion. Pistol and last cent and all that. Now, let me explain. My husband, who is innerested in curios, wanted me to get him a certain old weapon that he had seen here before, and I seut him the message as a gentle hint that I was short of money. I exaggerated a little—the privilege of my sex, you know."

"But, the good-by at the end. It made it sound like—like—". 'I kie an eternal farewell? Well, it wasn't. I simply found that I had another word for my 25 zents, so I finished up with that, as it was the first thing that occurred to me.

"Then she smiled sweelly and entered the hotel, leaving the policeman and my friend staring at each other like two imbeciles."

"FACTS ABOUT CHAMPAGNE. dently his unlucky number, for he never turned up there again and subsequently the operater learned that he had been taken to Bellevue and Some of the messages, through mistakes or omissions, become rather startling, such as a telegram sent by an excited youth who wrote, "Mary and I married the Mayor yesterday. Telegraph if all right," and then went away

FACTS ABOUT CHAMPAGNE.

and Distinctions in Quality.

they exercise very little discrimination in the

New York restaurant the odd fact is to be ob-

The Only Other Summer Snow in the State

Made a Weather Prophet Famous.

HARTFORD, Aug. 16 .- A meteorological phe-

field county, in northwestern Connecticut, last

Studay, in a brisk little flurry of snow that

whitened the air for few moments. It had been

unscesonably cold among the soaring Litchfield

highlands for several days, and early Sunday

morning farmers in the civil valleys noted evan-escent traces of hear frost. It was cold all the

forenoon, too, and a fleet of hard, black, Novem-

ber-like clouds drifted steadily across the heavens. It was at Harw aton that the August

snowfall was most pronounced. Three young men from New York, James S. Peck, Walter W. Piercey, and J. Van Vochten Waring, who spend

A SUN reporter spent an evening in this little office recently, watching the people who came in and talking to the man at the desk, who had many things to tell about his "customers. One of the first things the reporter noticed was that here and there on the floor were yellow silps, some crumpled, some torn in two. All of them seemed to have writing on them. On one that lay spread out was written:
"Will meet you at the 10:30 train. Don't try

to -" There it broke off. "Do people generally make more than one at-

tempt at a telegram?" asked the reporter of the man at the deak.

"Women do, as a rule," he replied. "At the first whack they generally run over their ten words. Then they try again and seldom think to destroy the first draft. When men rewrite they seldom destroy their failures either. Not that it makes much difference in most cases, but sometimes the slips they leave make interesting reading. A friend of mine who comes in here to see me occassionally has got quite a little collection of these messages that never went. There's one series that are -. Look at this coming in," he said, interrupting himself.

"Here's one of our regular customers."

The man referred to was a heavy red-faced individual who nodded slightly to the receiver as he reached for the pad. His message took one second to write, and five seconds later the

as he reached for the pad. His message took one second to write, and five seconds later the main lad gone.

"Now that chap always telegraphs figures and nothing else," said the main at the deak. "As near as I can make out they represent amounts of money, probably reports of daily receipts, for he comes in every night. As to his business. Why, he may be a Sunday-school superintendent; but I'd rather bet, if I were betting on it, that he is concerned in a business enterprise in which the theory of chance laures largely, and always to the advantage of the firm as against the customer. Here comes another regular; but she only comes about once a week. She doesn't spend any time rewriting. Knows what she wants every time."

This time it was a woman, large, florid, and handsome. On her chubby hand a number of rings spackled, giving an air of richness to her general appearance that was borne out by her rather too elegant dress. When she had gone, the receiver covered the address of her message and showed the reporter the rest of it, remarking: "It isn't quite the thing, but in this case it won't do any harm."

The message read:

The gas man has came with the bill. Please send.

which the theory of chance squires largely, and always to the advantage of the firm as against the customer. Here comes another regularity of the wine. Among New Yorkers a bottle of wine swants every time.

This time it was a woman, large, fiorid, and handsome. On her chubby hand a number of rings sparkled, giving an air of richness to her rather too clegani dress. When she had gone, the receiver covered the thing, but in this case in the receiver covered the thing, but in this case is with the same and the reporter the rest of it, remarking. "It isn't quite the hing, but in this case is with the same and the week before the furniture bill. All these masses and showed the regular lay," laughed the telegraph man. "Last week it was the ire masses and the week before the furniture bill. All these masses do not too. I wonder if he all ways come down with the dust."

At this point a man of perhans 28 years rished in grabbed a pad, and with an expression of almost insite jubilation on his face, proved in many furniture bill, almost insite jubilation on his face, proved in many furniture bill. All the proved in the proved in many furni

I recall your kind invitation. Will call at 5 this I recall your kind invasions of the re-vention.

All right about the trip. Between 9 and 10 this eve.

Charley.

Boy.

I recall your kind invitation. Will call at 5 this evening.

All right about the trip. Between 9 and 10 this eve.

All right about the trip. Between 9 and 10 this eve.

Than 1 that a batch? P. R. B. was fat and fifty. Roy was a sport, and I guess the other two were good things. I'd like to have been there to see the right. I bet the girl is wearing motivating now. It must have been totign on her to have them all spring on her at the same time.

"That reminds me, I was going to tell you about a series of unsent messages that my friend got here one night from a busted drummer. It was a dandy series and a first-class illustration of mental processes. The drummer was a good looking young follow, but he had it written all over him in big letters that he was un against it. His shirt stud was gone, pawned, it can be seen to the same of good material his lines was dirty and he had a broke air about him. He wrote aix telegrams, all but the last of which he threw on the foor, where my friend the collector got them. The first message read:

To brown & bases Embaster, N. Y.:

"Led up all cash. Please send by wire. Gapwis.

"He sized this up and didn't like it. I heard him grumble to himself that the old man knew he had coough to carry him through for two weeks longer. Then he tries again:

"Borel people did me on bill. Please send cash.

"That didn't suit him eather. 'They'd make a row about that and investigate the hotel men, and then where'd I be? he inquired of himself, without getting a satisfactory answer. He crumpled up the paper and threw it in the corner. After a moment's though he produced two in quick succession:

"Pickpockets robbed me at theatre last night. Broke, and must have cash.

"Clothes burned, with money, in the all coney leads. Please result at ence.

"Both of 'em damn fishy,' groaned the drummer. 'They won't go,' He dropped that preclous pair and proceeded to state the facts in the case very succinctiy."

"Burked the tiger and dropped my wad; for heavan'a sake wire cash."

men from New York, James S. Peck, Walter W. Piercey, and J. Van Vechten Waring, who spend their vacation in Lichfield county, reported the freak weather episode in Wateroury and other Connecticut cowns on the following day,

"It showed culls lively," said one of the young men, and anthough the flakes were few and far between, there is no mistake about it being a fair and square, nones, oldsfashioned show flurry. The flakes affeed down in a random, leisneyir way for ten or fifteen minutes."

Only one other summer show was ever noted to the records or traditions of the Nutmer State. The first one, very aged country people of Fastern Connecticut aver, occurred not less than seventy-live years age on a Fourth of July. The day had been excessively cold and bleak, "and along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon," said an aired narrator of the event, who dwelt in the royal town of Salem among the hills at the lime, "there was a brisk shower of flakes from an ugly, bleak cloud. I remember, though a boy at the time, that all the farmers were affect making hay, and while they were in great haste about their task, invertibliess every man abacked off work for the space of half an hour, perfectly dumfounded on account of the queer weather proceeding. There was quite a little fail of show, too, that went on for thirty minutes or more and whitened the ground effectually. The flurry was most notable in Salem, aithough flakes fell in other country books in that region. It made a great sensation, and was talked about among the country people for years.

In econection with the incident a comical coincidence is recorded, "Daboli's Aimanack and Farmers' Friend," published at Centre tiroton, among the centern Connections hills, has been the particular weather fibre of yankee farmers and seamen for more than a century, but in the year of the July show, by an odd typographical array, old Nathan Baboll, the almanac maker, in recording his weather predictions for the snowy July a hoted, flistead of prumising the prophery, expect rail about "Bucked the tiger and dropped my wad; for heaven's aske wire cash.

aske wire cash.

"But truth wasn't mighty enough to prevail
in this case. For some momenta he pendered.
Then he swore savagely and stamped on his
latest effort with an energy that trought dismay to my collector friend, who feared that it
would be spoiled. The telegram that finally
went was sweetly simple, and left much to the
imagination. It read:

"Pleas and 100, head troke. Will applied later. ningination. It read:
"Please send 100. Dead broke. Will explain later.
Gurris.

THE TENDERLOIN BY WIRE.

OUEER PICTURES OF LIFE GIVEN
BY THE TELEGRAMS IT SENDS.

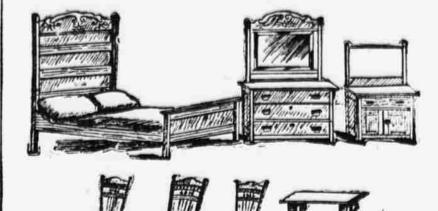
A New to Whom M. Fraved Uninelly—Mer.

The Telegrams of Life Given on the collection of a Western journal:

"Tired of New York, Would like to get a position on your paper."

"Tired of New York, Would like to get a position on your paper."

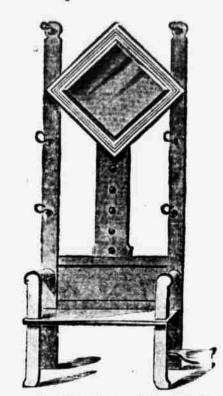
GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF SUMMER GOODS ALSO A FEW ARTICLES LEFT FROM THE BANKRUPT SALE. ONLY A FEW SAMPLES SHOWN IN THIS PAPER. IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL THIS WEEK.



\$28.00 Chamber Suit for \$12.50 (7 pieces). Solid oak; bevel glass. Others from \$10.00 up.



\$50.00 Parlor Suit for \$23.00. In rugs or brocatelle. Others in plush from \$12.50.



\$15.00 Hall Stand for \$6.50. Solid oak; bevel French glass. Others from \$5.00.



\$2.00 Ladies' Rocker for 75c., with work box which folds unomeson befell the good folks of breezy Litch- der seat; high carved back;



\$3.50 large spring slat Rocker for \$1.25; very comfortable. Others for 75c. up.



CLOSED OPENED.

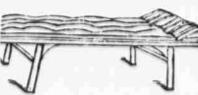


assortment of

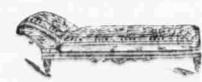
chairs suitable

for piazzas, ac

\$5.00 Folding Table for \$2.25. Folds in very small space. Large stock of all kinds of Tables.



\$2.00 Folding Cot for \$1.00. Upholstered, fancy ticking. Woven wire Cots at a big discount.



\$12.00 Couch for \$5.50; is tapestry. Others, in all coverings, at greatly reduced prices.

BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO., 553 to 571 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



TOO MUCH ABSINTHE. clearer, and they feel a touch of happiness. It is

so pleasant to sit looking at the street and all

the pretty ladies passing by. The proper thing

is to take but one glass-in quantity this is

about a Madeira glass-of the green drink.

Poured into your goblet by the walter, it does not seem much. You till the goblet up with wa-

ter; watch it turn a milky-sage tint, with the

opal glints one learns to love so well; stir up the

mixture with your spoon, take one small sip,

and let it rest. You always drink it in small sips

or mouthfuls. All the world grows brighter. Memory, imagination, hope, and courage find a

water. You drink them all from goblets, sitting on the sidewalk, on the "terrace," as they call it, of the cafe.

Parlsians make great account of their two meaks, lunchoon and dinner. Breakfast is nothing that a swallow of noffee and a rollor silice of bread. Plain workingmen and clerks, therefore, have longer noon spells in Parls than even well-to-do folks take in 'cur own clitics. The noon hour is a little fifte, whur, people seek to forget that they are working for their living. Master and man go off their different ways. Each is intent on meeting at the restaurant the same folks with whom he set and joked yes, terday. All thoughts of business are put aside for a good hour and a half or two hours. This is from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. They do not go immediately to eating. They sit upon the sidewalk, at the cafe's little tables, even in the winter time; they look at all the passers by, and sly their drain. The drain is absinthe.

By slow degrees tiep feel their poor, tired backbones strengthen and their brains grow the cafe and the restaurant. Waking account of the roll of the water. Women seem to have a class of large and militory in Paris that Americans, who think of women in two species and a superly controlled the water. Women seem to have a class of large and militory in Paris that Americans, who think of women in two species and the restaurant. Making account of the roll of the roll of the roll of the restaurant work of the object of the capital, will find that women very, very often take their absinthe pare is that they take to absinthe as ducks take to prove or else not write their books, I think that the American life ways as an equal to the cafe and the allowed seems to have a common very, very often take their absinthe pare is that they take to absinthe adversary of the object of the capital, will find that women very, very often take their absinthe pare is that they take to absinthe in what a constraint part of the capital, will find that women very, very often take their absinthe pare is that they war

together some way.

What the doctors fear the most is from the women drinkins. Alcoholism in general (and absinthism in particulars creates a special race, both from the point of view of the intellectual faculties and physical characteristics. This race, say the doctors, may very well continue



SHE TAKES HERS WITHOUT WATER. SHE TAKES HERS WITHOUT WATEZ.

for a limited time, with all its physical infirmities and and victous tentiencies, for several generations. But, exposed to every sort of accidental minds, the race soon disappears. The family dies out, What all the specialists agree is that "the question of circuit and bereditary alcohousin is worthy the highest attention of legislators, who, when they neglect it, incur an immense responsibility." This in itself is worth knowing a land like France, where insight emperance.

special flavor, strength, and moderate price unite to make it popular; and with its popularity it has become among the sober French the opening wedge for other spirits, not intrinsically as string indeed, but practically stromer, being taken without water. These are rum and brandy. In Paris (as in Berim) the "distillation," or spirit shop, is daily gaining ground, in the Paris sincurbs, at Belleville as at La Glacdire, in the Quartier of the Termessa in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, in the Faubourg du Temple, in the Faubourg saint-Antoine, in the Faubourg du Temple, in the Faubourg Saint-Martin, in the rue Montmarire, and in the Marais as at the Balgicelles, these stand-up drinking bars are gaining more custom daily and are rapidly increasing in none custom daily and are rapidly increasing in none custom daily and are rapidly increasing in the rich quarters is ten cents a glass. At three cents the business is still profitable, strengthened as it is by the sale of rums, brandies, and two-franc bottles. All these stuffs are made from industrial alcohols and alcoholstes of every kind. They make anisette, klimmel, extracts of fruit, taffas, and all the rest. As to the absinthe itself (which is the first of these drinks, with which they sametimes end, as in America, counting twenty-two glasses to the small quart—the litre—if produces at three cents a glass retall sixty-six cents a litre. This is at 100°, Brought down to 50° by the addition of water, the price of a litre, including excise tax, is only it cents to the retailer for the crude material. If to this von join the alcoholic extract of absinthe and the other substances destined to give fragrame to the alcohol and make if turn its vellow-white-green-end that when water is poured in, the retailer has still a profit of almost 40 cents a litre. This is at 100°, Brought down to 50° by the addition of water, the price of a litre would into perhaps be much so the simple exception of almost 40 cents a litre.

This is at 100°, and the cents of the alcohol with the drink



More Light on Turpin's Beath Beater.

The Commission charged with the examination

division of projectiles, but simply in an improve-ment upon the present grape shot box used by the French artillery. The machine is very simple, but, nevertheless, if adoped it will necessitate a complete renewal of the whole artillery equipment of the French army. It has an immense advantage over the present machine, which exploses its projectiles at a fixed dis-

Born in the Army That Went to Muscow. France has an interesting old pensioner who

has just presented himself at the Ministry of War to receive his yearly pension for about the infteenth time. His name is Thomas. He is now over 80 years old and expects to draw his pension for at least twenty years more. Thomas was born in the French army during the disastrous retreat that followed the burning of Moscow. It was at the time when the scattered remnants of Napoleon's army which had set out with such delusive hopes of conquering Russia were making the historic passage of the Heresha, where so many of them perished, that Thomas was born. His father was in the Imperial Guard, and his mother accompanied her husband on the campaign. Both father and mother were killed, and the new-born child was taken care of by the Russian Government. He was placed in an institution for orphane. When Thomas attained his majority be jet Russian for France, where he entered the army. For nearly half a century now he has been a mensione. fifteenth time. His name is Thomas. He is now